

LOU

## THE RURAL



## MAGAZINE.

AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 9.

## ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

IN one of my former letters I hinted a future application of the considerations on nature and art and the love of novelty, to another of the fine arts; and I mean now to perform my promise in some remarks on *Ornamental Gardening*.

There is nothing in which the English taste more triumphs, than in the change it has effected in the whole system of this art; a change which for more than half a century has been gradually taking place, and may now be said in this country to be complete. This consists in entirely banishing almost every thing which constituted the artifice and contrivance of ancient gardening, and in their stead substituting a plan of embellished nature, imitative of the scenery of real landscape, and of which the fundamental law is to exclude every appearance of regularity. You have seen, I doubt not, with pleasure and admiration, some of the finest creations of this kind. To you they had all the graces of novelty; and viewing them as a transient spectator, without the comparison of a different model in your mind, you have perhaps implicitly admitted the principles on which the new system has obtained so universal a preference to the old. Yet, on reflection, you will readily perceive the great share fashion must have had in such a general alteration of taste; and you may be inclined to examine the matter a little more closely, not for the purpose of knowing whether you ought to have been pleased with what you saw—for we ought always to be pleased when we innocently can—but whether something very different might not please us much, or more. Let us then enter upon a disquisition of this kind.

The general idea of a garden, as it has existed in all ages and countries, is that of a place, where by the aid of culture, vegetable production may be reared, more excellent in kind, and more pleasing in distribution, than the ordinary growth of nature. Even in the most genial climates, it was found that flowers and fruits might be much improved by care and selection; that a number of the finest plants, greatly beyond the natural variety of any district, might be accumulated in one spot, and cleared of all mixture with the noxious and unsightly; while by some artifice of arrangement, they might be presented with more advantage to the eye, and formed into pleasing spectacles of novelty. In hot countries, the delicious luxury of cooling shades and perpetual verdure might be enjoyed to far greater perfection in regular walks beneath trees selected for beauty and fragrance, and bordered by rills which the hand of art had directed, than in the wild forest, entangled with brakes, and rendered impassable by morasses.

In cold and changeable climates, the shelter of walls and hedges was absolutely requisite for the preservation of delicate vegetables, and during a considerable part of the year was agreeable to the person who wished to survey their beauties.

No pleasure derived from art has been so universal as that taken in gardens. This, in the first place, was owing to the union of simple gratifications they afforded; not fewer than four of the senses, the taste, smell, sight and feeling, being most agreeably affected by horticulture. And if the refinements of ornamental gardening have excluded the objects of the first of these, it has been only to enjoy the rest in a more exquisite degree. For a garden, therefore, to be fragrant, gay, and refreshing, is as essential, as for a house to afford shelter against the inclemency of the seasons. But the combination of different pleasing forms into groups and compositions of novelty and beauty, is what has given the art of gardening a place among the finer inventions of genius. And in judging of the different styles of ornamental gardening, we are to endeavor to discover the principles best adapted to produce happy effects of this kind.

Formerly, the pleasure-garden was always considered as an *appendage* to the house; its plan and decorations were therefore a subordinate branch of *architecture*. That it should have been so regarded, was very natural. To enjoy the pleasures of a garden to advantage, it was necessary that they should be near. Its fragrance was received into the apartments of the house; its walks invited even the indolent to saunter in the sun or repose under the shade; and its gay forms and colours feasted the eye with variety of beauty within the sphere of distinct vision. Its flights of steps, walls, porticos, and terraces, gave the architect an opportunity of gradually letting down the massy height of his main edifice, and shading off stone into verdure. That something of this kind is wanted by the eye, will, I think, be acknowledged by every unprejudiced observer at the first view of a modern mansion, rising unsustained from the midst of a naked lawn. Thus *regularity* was a fundamental idea in planning a garden; and instead of any endeavor to make it resemble a natural scene, every contrivance was used to produce artificial effects with the materials of nature. I can scarcely admit, however, that the leading principle of the art was, *To form with verdure what the builder form'd With stone*;

for although trees cut into shapes, and hedges fashioned like walls, have occasionally been introduced as objects of vulgar admiration, yet better taste has rather aimed at producing novelties more consonant to the essential character of a garden.

ture herself may be said to have afforded the rude sketch. Thus, a wodbine running from tree to tree, and encircling the tops of bushes, formed a sort of flowering canopy, which agreeably sheltered the wanderer from sun and shower. Art caught the idea, and fashioned an *arbor* or *treillage*, the regular frame work of which directed the rambling sprays to weave an impenetrable covering, at the same time commodious and free. Thus, the velvet carpeting of the turfy down, pleasing to the eye and soft to the feet, was transferred to the "dry smooth-shaven green." The advantageous elevation of the rising bank, was copied in a *terrace*. The shady walk between lofty trees in a natural wood, was improved into the straight clear *avenue*; and the casual arcades of intertwined thickets, suggested the close walk overarched by bending hazels. Walks of gravel or grass, laid down by line and rule, intersecting flowerbeds and shrubberies of regular and perhaps fanciful forms not only corresponded with the general regularity of the outline by which the garden was bounded, but amused by picturesque effects. Water spouted up in a jet d'eau was a novelty, and certainly a very elegant one. The basin and long canal gave new ideas of liquid extension. Ornamental buildings, statues, urns and vases, intermixed with scenes of verdure and solitude, pleased by the contrast they afforded to similar works of art in the streets and squares of a city. A beautiful plant shooting from the midst of rich carving, over which it threw its easy foliage, had surely as good a right to admiration, as the imitation of it in Corinthian capital.

(To be continued.)

## CURIOUS FACT.

FROM THE MEDICAL REPOSITORY.

Facts relative to that Faculty of Animals, which has been called *Instinct*.

The following relation was made to me by Mr. Deming, a respectable gentleman of Litchfield, Connecticut.

IN the spring of the year 1793 or 1794, a male and female Robin built their nest in the well-crotch, behind the house of Mr. Deming, and but a few feet from the door. Nothing peculiar was observed in their demeanor, during the time of incubation or before. After the birth of the young, the mother manifested the most extravagant joy and pride; and (contrary to what is believed to be the general practice of these birds) assumed to herself the exclusive right of feeding them. After distributing among them whatever she herself had brought, she has been (perhaps a hundred times, and by all Mr. Deming's family) observed to take the worms, &c. from the bill of the male, and dis-



When the young birds were about half grown, the lady of this gentleman accidentally witnessed the following singular circumstance: The male and female came to the nest with worms. The female, as usual, parted her's among the young; when the male (as it were desirous to assert the equality of his rights) made a motion to distribute that which he had bro't. Immediately the female, with violent expression of anger, snapped her bill together with a noise so uncommonly loud, that it might have been heard some rods, and the terrified and submissive husband instantly desisted, and remaining motionless, quietly permitted her to take the worm from his bill, and distribute it herself as before. After this the male seem never to have made a second attempt to recover his authority; as it was always observed, that though he brought food as well as the female, he uniformly acquiesced in her exclusive distribution of it.

And this was noticed, after the circumstance above-related very many times.

Extract of a letter from T. Reeve, Esq. (an eminent counsellor in Connecticut) to Mr. R. Smith, of Litchfield.

"AT this distance of time, it is probable that very many things which I observed respecting the Robin which I mentioned to you, have escaped my memory. Among many singular instances of sagacity, I remarked that the Robin who had his perch in the room where I lodged understood me perfectly well when I called in the morning to a young woman who lived with us, informing her that it was time to rise. If it happened that I did not awake her by calling, the bird would fly from his perch into her room and after making all the noise in his power, if this did not answer his purpose, would get upon her head, pull her hair with his bill, and peck her in the face till she awoke.

"It was certain that he was capable of improvement; for, after practising for some time in manner just mentioned, he assumed the office of awakening her himself, whether I called or not. About the same time in the mornings if the young woman had not risen, he regularly awakened her.

"When evening came the bird perched himself upon some chair in the room we were, till we went to bed; when he followed us to our chamber, and flew upon his accustomed perch. I observed that his constant practice was in the evening, when he perched on the chair, to sing before going to sleep; and it was as uniformly his custom to sing, in the morning when first awakened.

"Whenever any of the family inquired where Bob (the name by which we called him) was, he answered, and continued to do so till it was certain that it was known where he was; but if any stranger, or person not belonging to the family, made the same inquiry, he remained silent. Yet, in that case, if a member of the family said to him—*Why do you not answer, Bob?* he replied immediately, and always remarkably loud."

NARRATION OF A REAL FACT,  
Containing a very remarkable instance of the Power of Conscience.

A JEWELLER, a man of good character and considerable wealth, having occasion, in the way of his business, to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with

best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known: there he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and, in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise, by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of his industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearances so well that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, until at length he was chosen chief magistrate.

In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as a governor and a judge: till one day, as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before them, who was accused of having murdered his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Mean while he appeared to be in an unusual disorder and agitation of mind, his colour changed often; at length he rose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven, which this day, after thirty years concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations, particularly the ingratitude of it to a master who had raised him from the very dust, and reposed a peculiar confidence in him; and told them in what manner he had hitherto screened himself from public justice, and how he had escaped the observation of mankind by the specious mask he had wore. "But now," added he, "no sooner did this unhappy prisoner appear before us, charged with the same crime I was conscious of myself, than the cruel circumstances of my guilt beset me in all their horror, the arrows of the Almighty stuck fast within me, and my own crime appeared so atrocious, that I could not consent to pass sentence against my fellow-criminal, until I had first impannelled and accused myself. Nor can I now feel any relief from the agonies of awakened conscience but by requiring that justice may be forthwith done against me, in the most public and solemn manner, for so aggravated a parricide; therefore, in the presence of the all-seeing God, the great witness and judge of my crime, and before this whole assembly, who have been the witnesses of my hypocrisy, I plead guilty, and require sentence may be passed against me as a most notorious malefactor." We may easily suppose the agreement of all the assembly, and especially

upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind—An exemplary instance of the fatal effects of an exorbitant passion, and the tremendous justice of Providence, in detecting one of the most cool and artful villains, after such a long concealment! *Fordyce's Dialogues.*

## THE STORM.

BEHOLD, the storm begins! the boisterous waves break on yon, wave-worn rock! the thunders roar, and, in dreadful clashing, announce the Almighty power of their Heavenly Author! Lo, the electric fire divine darts thro' the parting clouds, and, for a while illuminates the surrounding gloom! Vivid lightning! awful sight! in the tremendous aspect thou dost impart to the trembling traveller a supernatural awe!

Regard yon shattered bark, which is tossed about at the pleasure of the winds—In vain the pilot attempts to guide her—Alas! he now quits the helm, and to the mercy of unforeseen fate, resigns her!—Behold her now urged by the furious surf!—See now she drives against the rugged cliff!—Hark!—Whence proceeded that tumult which thrilled my ears, and struck an universal terror thro' my soul? Alas! it was the final shriek of the distressed crew—they are perished in the involving waters of the dismal deep!—the vessel founders!—she sinks!—and now she is seen no more!—Oh, how I pity yon mourning maiden, whose white robings flutter in the blast, and who, wildly wailing from her wave-environed footsteps, regardless of danger, adds fresh horror to the scene!—Her piteous cries mix with the howling wind!—Alas! Her William views her—He struggles yet!—He beholds his Nancy, with her outstretched arms, ready to receive her betrothed lover!—But oh! Fate forbids their union! the waters which bore him to victory over the foes of his country, now encircle him, and he follows his devoted shipmates to the bed of the involving deep!

NEWARK, APRIL, 14.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RURAL MAGAZINE.

SIR,  
By inserting the following in your Magazine, you will oblige  
A SUBSCRIBER.

## HISTORY OF THE SILK WORM.

THE inhabitants of China were the first who discovered and knew how to use silk. The insects which produce it, live there spontaneously: every where else they need a well managed breeding and particular care. The silk worms passed from China into Persia, and from thence into Greece, during the expeditions of Alexander the Great. The Greeks received then, it is true, the knowledge of the insects, but they did not acquire the art of making them produce silk in abundance, and to work it: for ancient authors do not tell us that they made any use of it.

The Romans had, under the reign of the Emperors, an imperfect idea of the art of managing the silk worms; Justinian who governed with wisdom the Occidental Empire, seeing what an immense trade of silk the Persians carried on with his subjects, sent them two deputies who were returning with some, but they



ried on the way, and their mission became fruitless. It is to the Crusades that the Europeans are indebted for the full knowledge of the breeding of the silk worms; Rogers carried some into Sicily, with some men (who knew how to manage those insects) and established themselves at Palermo, towards the twelfth century. That industry passed thro' all Italy and from thence into Provence and into the south of France. Silk is become a very extensive branch of commerce; many learned men have studied the history of the insects which produce it, the plants which they feed upon, and the care which they required. They have published on those different subjects, many books, but one has never carried his researches as far as Salvadore Berthelsen, did. He only studied what belongs to silk worms; and he made it the subject of the studies of his whole life; he has followed and observed with much attention and intelligence, their taste, their production, their metamorphoses and to obtain some cones (or eggs) larger and heavier than any of those which come from Italy: many French merchants assure, that there is no better silk than his.

Salvadore Berthelsen, passed from Malta, where he was born, to London, where he made in the years 1788 and '89, many curious experiments: He used no other leaves than those of black mulberry, and he has by that way, destroyed the old prejudice, that the silk worms fed with these leaves, did not give silk as good as those fed with the leaves of white mulberry.

He has chosen London to destroy another prejudice, which was, that the warm climates were more proper for the silk worms. He proved, during his stay in that city, that the temperate climates are better for them. The success of his experiments was so complete, that the society of arts and commerce crowned it in giving a medal and reward to the author; and every one knows how scrupulous that society is on the choice of the objects, whom they judge worthy to be rewarded.

Salvadore Berthelsen wishing to begin again his experiments in another climate, went to Paris in '90 and it was in '91 that he made, in the same year, under the eyes of many deputies of the national assembly and members of the society of agriculture, three breedings of silk worms. One in the spring, another in the summer, and the third in the months of September and October.

The first was of 25,000 worms; in spite of the incommodiousness of the place and many contrarieties which he underwent, he only lost one hundred, accidentally, and he had none but the best; he had 150 pounds of silk, all of the best quality, and white for the most part; there was only one person who took the care of them, and who, would have preferred to take care of twice the same number in a larger place: they were almost all the time fed with black Mulberry leaves.

The second breeding was of six millions of worms, all the produce of the first.

The third, the worms of which were all the produce of the second, were as numerous; both of them had the same success.

Those discoveries are not only curious for physics and natural history—but it is an object of economy and of trade; the sole difficulty is to find leaves to feed them; every one knows that the Mulberry trees perish, when they cut their second growth of leaves—but they can supply that defect by using the leaves of young trees.

The directory of the Lyceum of arts of France ordered in '93 that they should bestow one of the rewards destined for the encouragement of useful arts to Salvadore Berthelsen.

I think that America is a very good climate for the silk worm, being of a mild temperature and it is not only a pleasure to breed them, but a branch of commerce which ought not to be neglected in this country.

#### —MARRIAGES—

At Bloomfield, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. White, Mr. JERARD WILLIAMS, to Miss HANNAH LUKE.

#### —THE MORALIST— CHOICE OF COMPANY.

IN the choice of company, let us fix upon such as have virtuous and christian principles, and who endeavour to shew the effects of them in their lives and conversations; for, as men of no principles are unqualified for friendship, because they have no foundation to support it; so men that act contrary to their good principles, give but a mean proof of their sincere intentions.—Men sceptically inclined may endanger the firmness of our faith, as wicked men may the strength of our virtuous inclinations. This main point being secured, and having fenced against the greatest danger of conversation, we ought to have a peculiar regard to the temper and disposition of those we pitch upon for our constant companions: for if they have a great deal of passion, and a little share of sense, our freedom and friendship will expose us to vexatious troubles. Let us be never so much upon our guard, a great deal of fire will sometimes heat us; we may be provoked, and then we are the worse for such companions. It is commendable in the next place to prefer in our esteem those whose learning and wisdom, quickness and vivacity, may justly challenge a regard; since they must be very agreeable entertainments, when good men of mild tempers are the masters of such abilities. This nearly concerns all good christians; and young men, when they appear in the world, ought to have a particular regard to it; their future happiness depending so much on the qualifications of those they converse with. It may be, they have received good principles in their education; yet they want practice to confirm the habits of virtue, and courage to resist the allurements of vice, when enticed by wicked companions. Do not we daily see that they are apt to catch at any thing that indulges and countenances their inclinations? And why? Because, when they want prudence most, they have least of it; for, if they are not by degrees entirely corrupted, yet the horror they ought to have for sin is very much abated by their seeing it frequently practised. Consequently, fire may as well be taken into a man's bosom without burning, and pitch touched without desiling, as bad company frequented and delighted in, without partaking of the bad effects thereof.

#### DUTY OF MAN.

#### —CHEERFULNESS—

A CHEERFUL TEMPER, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

#### —ANECDOTES—

#### OF WALLER.

JAMES 2d. treated Waller with kindness and familiarity. One day taking him into the closet, the king asked him how he liked one of the pictures: "My eyes," said Waller, "are dim and I do not know it." The king said, it was the Princess of Orange. "She is," said Waller, "like the greatest woman in the world." The king asked, who was that? and was answered, Queen Elizabeth. "I wonder," said the king, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council." "And sir," said Waller, "did you ever know a fool choose a wise one?"

When the king knew that he was about to marry his daughter to Dr. Birch, a clergyman, he ordered a French gentleman to tell him, that "the king wondered he could think of marrying his daughter to a falling church." "The king," says Waller, "does me great honor, in taking notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe that this falling church has got a trick of rising again."

Being present when the duke of Buckingham talked profanely before King Charles, he said to him, "My lord, I am a great deal older than your grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your grace did; but I have lived long enough to see there is nothing in them; and so, I hope, your grace will."

#### —DETACHED SENTENCES—

HONOUR is but a seditious kind of honesty; a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in societies which have none; it is a sort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

The web of our life is like a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

A wise man is provided for occurrences of any kind. The good he manages; the bad he vanquishes: in prosperity, he bears no presumption; in adversity, he feels no dependency.

#### —MAXIMS—

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

The higher character a man supports the more he should regard his minutest actions.

By other's faults, wise men correct their own.



POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's designed  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

THE THREE WARNINGS.—A TALE.

By MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground;  
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,  
That love of life increas'd with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.  
This great affection to believe,  
Which all confess, but few perceive,  
If old assertions can't prevail,  
Be pleas'd to hear a modern tale.  
When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room;  
And looking grave, "you must," says he,  
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!"  
"With you!" the hapless husband cry'd:  
"Young as I am! 'tis monstrous hard!"  
"Besides, in truth, I'm not prepar'd:  
"My thoughts on other matters go,  
"This is my wedding-night you know."  
What more he urg'd I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger;  
So death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
And left to live a little longer.  
Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,  
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell; no more  
"Shall death disturb your mirthful hour:  
"And farther, to avoid all blame  
"Of cruelty upon my name,  
"To give you time for preparation,  
"And fit you for your future station,  
"Three several warnings you shall have,  
"Before you're summon'd to the grave:  
"Willing for once I'll quit my pray,  
"And grant a kind reprieve;  
"In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
"But when I call again this way,  
"Well pleas'd the world will leave."  
To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.  
What next the hero of our tale befel,  
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursu'd his course,  
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,  
The willing muse shall tell:  
He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,  
Nor thought of death as near;  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He pass'd his hours in peace:  
But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
While thus along life's dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncall'd unheeded, unawares,  
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood,  
As all alone he fate,  
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate  
Once more before him stood.  
Half kill'd with anger and surprize,  
"So soon return'd!" old Dobson cries.  
"So soon, d'ye call it!" Death replies:  
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!  
"Since I was here before  
"Tis six-and-thirty years, at least,  
"And you are now forefcore."  
"So much the worse," the clown rejoind'd;  
"To spare the aged would be kind:  
"However, see your search be legal;  
"And your authority—is't regal?  
"Else you are come on a fool's errand,  
"With but a secretary's warrant.  
"Besides, you promis'd me Three Warnings,  
"Which I have look'd for night and morning!  
"But for that loss of time, and ease,  
"I can recover damages."  
"I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,  
"I feldbm am a welcome guest;  
"But don't be captious, friend, at least:  
"I little thought you'd still be able  
"To stump about your farm and stable;  
"Your years have run to a great length;  
"I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!"  
"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast,  
"I have been lame these four years past."  
"And no great wonder," Death replies;  
"However, you still keep your eyes;  
"And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
"For legs and arms would make amends."  
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,  
"But latterly I've lost my sight."  
"This is a shocking story, faith;  
"Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:  
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;  
"I warrant you hear all the news."  
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,  
"I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."  
"Nay, then!" the Spectre stern rejoind'd,  
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;  
"If you are Lame, and Deaf, and Blind,  
"You've had your Three sufficient Warnings,  
"So come along, no more we'll part!"  
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;  
And now, old Dobson turning pale,  
Yields to his fate—So ends my tale.

A FABLE.

A COUNTRY fellow, and his Son, they tell,  
In modern Fables, had an Ass to sell:  
For this intent they turn'd it out to play,  
And fed so well, that by the destin'd day,  
They brought the Creature into sleek repair,  
And drove it gently to a neighb'ring Fair.  
As they were jogging on, a rural Clais  
Was heard to say—Look! look there, at that  
Ass!  
And those two Blockheads, trudging on each  
side,  
That have not, either of 'em sense to ride:  
Asses all three! and thus the country folks  
On Man and Boy, began to cut their jokes.  
Th' old fellow minded nothing that they said,  
But ev'ry word stuck in the young one's head;  
And thus began their comment thereupon—  
Ne'er heed 'em, Lad—Nay, Father, do get on.  
Not I, indeed—why then let me I pray—  
Well do; and see what prating tongues will say.  
The Boy was mounted; and they had not got  
Much farther on, before another Knot,  
Just as the Ass was pacing by, pad, pad,  
Cried—O! that lazy looby of a Lad!

How unconcernedly the gaping Brute  
Let's the poor aged Fellow walk on foot.  
Down came the Son, on hearing this account,  
And begg'd and pray'd, and made his Father  
mount;  
"Till a third party, on a further stretch,  
See! see! exclaimed, that old hard hearted  
wretch!  
How like a Justice there he sits, or Squire;  
While the poor Lad keeps wading thro' the  
mire.  
Stop, cri'd the Lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,  
Stop, Father, stop; let me get on behind.  
Thus done, they tho't they certainly should  
please,  
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;  
For having tried each practicable way,  
What cou'd be left for jokers now to say?  
Still disappointed, by succeeding none,  
Hark ye, you Fellows! Is that Ass your own?  
Get off, for shame! or one of you at least,  
You both deserve to carry the poor Beast,  
Ready to drop down dead upon the road,  
With such a huge unconscionable load.  
On this they both dismounted; and some  
say,  
Contriv'd to carry, like a truss of hay,  
The Ass between 'em; Prints they add, are seen,  
With Man and Lad, and slinging Ass between:  
Others omit that Fancy in the Print,  
As over straining an ingenio's Hint.  
The Copy that we follow says, the man  
Rubb'd down the Ass, and took to his first Plan:  
Walk'd to the Fair, and sold him, got his price,  
And gave his Son this pertinent advice:  
"Let Talkers talk; stick thou to what is best;  
"To think of pleasing all—is all a jest."

THE GENTLEMAN'S SCULL.

WHY start?—the case is yours—or will be soon;  
Some years perhaps—perhaps another moon:  
Life, at its utmost length, is still a breath,  
And those who longest dream must wake in death.  
Like you, I once thought every bliss secure,  
And gold of every ill the certain cure:  
Till steep'd in sorrow, and besieged with pain,  
Too late I found the earthly riches vain;  
Disease, with scorn, threw back the fordid fee,  
And death still answer'd, What is gold to me?  
Fame, titles, honors, next I vainly sought:  
And fools obsequious, nurs'd the child's thought.  
Circled with brib'd applause and purchas'd praise,  
I built on endless grandeur endless days;  
Till death awoke me from my dream of pride,  
And laid a prouder beggar by my side.  
Pleasure I courted, and obey'd my taste;  
The banquet smil'd, and smil'd the gay repast:  
A leathsome carcase was my constant care,  
And worlds were ransack'd but for me to share.  
Go on, vain man! to luxury be firm,  
Yet know—I feasted, but to feast a worm!  
Already, sure, less terrible I seem,  
And you, like me, shall own—that life's a dream.  
Farewell! remember! nor my words despise—  
The only happy are the only wise.

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